

# The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. II.

## THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

### THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. 5.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

SHAKESPEARE'S *As you like it*.

THE passion of jealousy has been depicted in all its native deformity, and felt in all its fatal consequences, ever since the moral page was unfolded to our view, or mankind were accessory to their own infelicity. In fact, ever since human nature lost its original purity and beauty, and became tainted with vice, and perturbed by passion, so long has jealousy been the jest or the pity, the derision or the horror, of every reflecting mind.

It is remarked by philosophers that nature has done nothing in vain; that what on a partial view seems to the injury of the individual, is for the benefit of the whole species; that those passions which are so inimical to our own repose, and that of our connections, generally operate some eventual good to ourselves and others; and therefore, though they ought to be regulated with the nicest balance, are not to be extirpated by violence, or lost in apathy. Mischievous as anger is, it sometimes guards us from meanness; and an honorable ambition will inspire us with the noblest resolution to dare or to suffer: but jealousy has no incentive of present pleasure or future gain; no prospect to soothe its serpent stings, no reward to compensate for the fury it inspires, and the infernal malice it prompts. Like envy, it is its own torment, and its own punishment; but happy would it be for mankind, if like envy it were confined to the dark bosom that indulges it; if the innocent would escape its fangs, and be able to triumph over its attacks. To reason against a passion that bids defiance to reason itself, that spurns at religion and obliterates the moral feeling, would be as vain and absurd as to bid the waves cease to roll when agitated by a storm, or the feverish pulse to beat.—Where jealousy is once rooted, it shoots cover and destroy the fairest flowers of humanity, and its poisonous exhalations give a dark hue to the most lovely objects. It presents either the dead calm of extinguished affection, or the furious gusts of ungoverned rage; it only ebbs to flow with greater violence, and conceals its venom for a time, that its collected force may be more fatal.

But as it may be of some service to those who have never felt the influence of jealousy, to examine its causes and effects, I could wish to call their attention to this unpleasant subject.—Prevention may save the sound, though the disease itself is incurable.

Jealousy, it has been said, is always a proof of love; and thus the worst of passions that can actuate the human heart, are either palliated or

excused by their approximation to some virtue. When a youthful passion between the sexes first begins to be felt, it is very natural to indulge solicitude lest we should lose the beloved object, and to fear or fancy that our merits are not sufficient to attract undivided regard.

The pangs we then experience, reason cannot always cure, nor will the sternest moralist condemn. To entertain an exalted opinion of others' merit, and an humble one of our own, is so lovely, that it ought to be excused, and so generous, that it deserves to be recompensed. As long as we feel and act from this principle, as long as we use every virtuous means to endear ourselves where we wish to be endeared, we shall have little cause to blush for our weakness, or to alter our conduct. If jealousy were always thus venial, if its cause were always excusable, and its effects as innocent, we might exult in the approbation of our own heart; and if we failed in procuring the happiness we fight for, we should escape deserved misery at least.

Thus till the fates and fortunes of two individuals be become inseparably united, I would not blame, but pity, the anxiety that assumes the form of jealousy. It has none of the malignancy of that passion, till the matrimonial knot is tied; and its worst effects before that period are generally confined to the wretched person who feels it. But when once it makes its manifest appearance in the nuptial state, particularly on the part of the woman, in which view it behoves us now to consider it, what apology can be made for indulging it, or what apology can be made for its display?—Will it recall that love which is supposed to be alienated?—will it fix that opinion of female amiability and forbearance which is the basis of all domestic bliss?—Will it not, on the contrary, justify the wondering heart in seeking that solace abroad, which it has, perhaps, in vain, tried to find at home; and convert only fancied aberrations from the line of duty into determined errors and crimes?

Allowing that a wife only hints suspicions of partial attachment to her husband, from that moment his natural gaiety of heart is interrupted, he assumes an artificial manner in her presence, and all confidence is suspended. Conscious of his innocence, he perhaps repels with indignation the imputed fault, or, feeling his independence as a man, he spurns at the fetters which he feels are forged for him, and does injury to the sentiments of a generous love, rather than brook a controul which he knows will be fatal to them both. If he attempts to convince her of his rectitude of heart and conduct, the more earnestness he shews to stand well in her opinion, the more strongly he inflames the rankling passion of her heart. Instead of redoubling her diligence to please, and make him sensible that he will never experience so much attachment and duty from an-

other, she either vents her feelings in querulous upbraidings, or petrifies him with her silent tears. If he affects indifference, she charges him with want of love; if he studies to evince his regard, she imputes it to dissimulation. At home he is dinned with noise, or saddened by gloom; abroad, he affects a cheerfulness which his heart disclaims, and he becomes negligent of himself, and of any thing around him.

But should the jealousy of a wife no longer be confined to the care of her husband, but published to the world, what must be the melancholy consequences? Character to every good man is dearer than life; even to those who do not uniformly pursue right courses, it is estimable to a certain degree. Deprive a man of reputation, and he sinks to the level of his destiny.—While he even flatters himself that he stands fair with the public, he will be careful to preserve decent appearances at least; but when he finds that all his labour is in vain, he becomes the very wretch which suspicion has painted him. To be traduced by the world, is severe enough; but if the person, who is bound by every tie to protect him from censure, is the primary agent of his disgrace; if she who should wink at his foibles or palliate his errors, is the first to expose and betray them, his misery must be exquisite indeed!—The internal sense of innocence avails him little in his present distress; & impartial retribution is remote, and only to be found beyond the grave. He may anticipate this with the hope of a christian, but he must nevertheless feel as a man. Perhaps he has children to look up to him for support; perhaps his whole success depends on his character. In this case, can it be expected he will any longer feel attachment for a woman, who has poisoned every domestic comfort, and rendered him an object of suspicion? His aversion, his contempt, will be in proportion to the injury he receives; and the unhappy wife will be deprived of the last consolation—of deserving a better fate. By those who wish her well, she will be blamed, rather than pitied; by the world in general she will be ridiculed and despised; for does she not tacitly confess, by her jealousy, that she feels herself unworthy to be loved, or that she has appetites, too gross to be named, which are craving for new gratifications?

Did married women, indeed, reflect how much they have to lose, and how little to gain, by jealousy, surely they would be cautious in imbibing its deleterious poison; they would shun it, as the wreck of character and happiness; they would set the mark of infamy on every person, who, by insidious whispers, endeavoured to lure them from their duty and their peace; and regard with abhorrence that voice which renders a husband suspected, merely that it may more effectually ruin a whole family.



## COLVILLE.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE family were one morning, as usual, at breakfast. The packet from England was just arrived: several letters were brought to Colville, amongst which was one directed in an entirely unknown hand, with a black seal. Colville, together with the family, were puzzled in conjecturing from whom it came. At length he opened it—it was from a stranger, acquainting Colville of the death of Mr. Hale:—that his will had been opened, in which five thousand pounds were bequeathed to him, and the residue of his property and effects to his son William Colville. The letter mentioned the necessity of the attendance of one of them in England, in order to take possession, and to arrange the different affairs. It was some time before Colville disclosed the contents of the letter; he knew not what to think, the bequest was so totally unexpected. At length throwing down the letter upon the table, and addressing himself to William, "There, my lad," said he, "There is a fortune for you." William read the letter with the greatest attention. Though he sincerely regretted the death of Mr. Hale, yet an acquisition of so considerable a fortune dazzled his senses. The compliments of congratulation got the better of those of condolence. But the departure of one of them was absolutely necessary.—Colville determined on going himself, as he thought William too young to arrange a business which might be extremely intricate.

To Boothby and William, he entrusted the care of his rising estate during his temporary absence, and having arranged every necessary matter, embarked for England. A continuation of favorable winds in a few weeks afforded him a sight of Albion's cliffs. On his arrival in London, he waited on the gentleman who had written him the account of Mr. Hale's death, with whose assistance he soon made himself master of the cash and property that had been bequeathed to him and his son William. This Mr. Colville effected with very little trouble, as Mr. Hale had always been very regular in the discharge of his different debts, never allowing them to exceed a certain sum. His legacy had rendered Colville comfortable, and William perfectly independent. Colville embraced the opportunity of once more visiting those beloved haunts, in which he had passed his earlier years. Accompanied by an old Etonian, he set off for Eton, where he spent several days with that perfect satisfaction, which a view of the spot, where he first imbibed the rudiments of learning, always affords. But it was necessary that pleasure should give way to business. Colville wishing to make his return to Barbadoes as expeditious as possible; different works and articles requisite for his plantation had been sent out by him to Barbadoes immediately on his arrival in England, in order that no delay might be occasioned by the want of any necessary implements.

Two months residence in London sickened Colville of the amusements of that metropolis; he accordingly, affected with a hankering natural to every parent for the sight of his family, took his passage for Barbadoes. He had some weeks before his embarkation apprized his family of his intention of speedily returning, and to

put them out of suspense when any vessel was in sight of the island, he informed them in his letter, that an English jack should be hoisted on the fore-top gallant-mast of the vessel, as a signal that he was on-board. Fatal determination!

One morning early a ship appeared to the windward of the island. William, ever anxious, by the help of a glass, discovered the signal. His impatience got the better of his prudence—he immediately took boat to go off to the vessel. The wind blew fresh—the boatmen used their utmost exertions—they were now within a little distance of the ship. Colville, standing on the deck, had caught a sight of his William, and had waved his hand as a token. The ship was under a full press of sail—the boat attempted to pass under her bow—in vain—the ship struck her, and she overset. Colville was leaning over the quarter-deck, ready to receive his William; a sudden cry of "ropes, ropes!" from the sailors caught his ear. Wretched father! what were his feelings? he saw his son buffeting the waves for life in the agony of the last gasp. Being an expert swimmer, for some time he kept himself up, but in vain—the waves got the better of him—Nature did her utmost—William panted, struggled, at length went down—for ever!

Colville dropt senseless on the deck; life seemed to be at its ebb; he was taken on shore to Mr. Boothby's house in a state of insensibility. A return of sense was accompanied by a return of misery—A violent delirium succeeded. The shock was too much for his constitution could not support it. The third day put an end to his misfortunes and his life.

Thus fell the generous and humane Colville! a tender father and a sincere friend. Parents, he was a father, whose example it will do ye honor to pursue. Slaves, he was a master who lessened the weight of your shackles, by his goodness and attention to you—But no more—the measure of his character is full—

READER,

It may be some little addition to his good name, to inform you, that in all situations of life, whether in prosperity or adversity, his hand was always ready to relieve the distresses of a NEGRO.

## ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BUFFON.

BUFFON rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," (said he,) "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph\* was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to awake me, and to torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him, that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence, I bid him be gone, I

stormed; but Joseph persisted. I was there—fore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works."

He was one of the best and most affectionate of husbands. The loss of his lady, Mademoiselle de St. Oelin, whom he married in 1752, and who, though she brought him no fortune, was of a good family, and possessed every necessary accomplishment, cost him much pain, and many tears, even to the last day of his life. He left only one son of this marriage, who is at present second Major in the regiment of Angoulême.

Music seemed to have a sovereign power over his heart. Every time that any of the grand pieces of eminent masters was executed before him, its effects appeared by involuntary tears, which he in vain attempted to hide.

The Empress of Russia having testified a desire of having a bust of him, he sent one accompanied by his son, and begged to join to that piece of marble, frozen by seventy-four winters, a young and living image of him. This double present was received with much distinction at court, and his son returned to France loaded with marks of kindness by the Empress. Buffon received, in a present from her imperial majesty, a collection of medals, struck during her reign, and those of every year were regularly sent to him afterwards.

Prince Henry of Prussia, after having dined with him at Montbard, where he intended to have slept, had he not received news which obliged him to depart, heard him read the natural history of the Swan, with which he was so well satisfied, that on his return to Berlin, his first care was to send him a most beautiful breakfast service of Dresden porcelain, consisting of cups, basons, &c. upon which was painted in enamel, the swan in all its different attitudes. Buffon in his will ordered his son to beg Madame Necker to accept this set of porcelain.

This lady, illustrious by her rank and beneficence, rendered full justice to the genius of Buffon. She carried her admiration of him even to enthusiasm; he, on the other hand, made every return for her attention; he delighted in reading over the elegant letters which he received from a hand so dear and so respectable. He composed the two following latin verses to be inscribed round her portrait.

Angelica facie et formoso corpore Necker,  
Mentis et ingenii virtutes exhibet omnes.

Having been solicited to contribute something towards assisting the daughter of a Swiss officer, to go to a convent at Montmartre, he generously gave what was asked, and wrote to Mr. Gentil, the Prior, as follows: "My dear Prior, I should have been much happier to oblige the mother of a family, really a mother; her cares are more respectable, and her sufferings more agreeable to heaven, and the state, than the indolence of an immured virgin."

He met death with fortitude and resolution, and with that consoling security which arises from a pure conscience, and a belief in a future existence. Amongst the last words which he spoke, were the following, addressed to his son

\* Bade him to INDIA'S shores retire,  
And there for me more wealth procure.

Now join'd with love, inspired by dear



"Never quit the paths of honor and of virtue, this is the only means to secure happiness." He was buried at Montbard, in a tomb which he had caused to be built about thirty years before, at which time he desired the workmen to make that place solid, as he should reside here longer than any where else.

\* The name of his Domestic.

## LIFE OF BONNA, THE SHEPHERDESS.

BONNA was the daughter of a shepherd of the Valteline, a fruitful valley at the foot of the Alps, and the grand pass between Italy and Germany. As she was one day guarding her flocks, Peter Brunoro, an illustrious Parmesan general, lost his way near the spot where she attended her innocent companions. Brunoro politely accosted the rural maid, to enquire the road, but was so struck with her beauty, and so pleased with her courteous answer, that he dismounted and entered into conversation with the shepherdess. Bonna was no prude, and she had wit enough to distinguish a gentleman from a rustic; in short, her vivacity, and a certain air of modest assurance, admirably calculated to hit the taste of an officer, had such an effect upon him, that he fell in love with her, and carried her off. From this time, we are to consider her not as the Arcadian shepherdess, but as Brunoro's mistress.

Finding that she had a bold, masculine spirit, he took great pleasure in dressing her in men's cloaths; and he had the satisfaction to observe, that she was ambitious to gain a masculine address! Brunoro soon learned her to manage the fleetest courser, and as he was remarkably fond of hunting, she was always of his party, and acquitted herself to the astonishment of all the cavaliers.

A quarrel happening some time after between Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, and Alphonsus king of Naples; Brunoro quitted the service of the king his master, and went over to the duke of Milan's party: Bonna, his faithful mistress accompanied him, and signalized herself in the first campaign. The difference between the contending parties being accommodated by the interposition of mediators, Brunoro was received again into the service of Alphonsus, and Bonna was presented to the king as a young Amazon: her talents for war and politics became every day more and more conspicuous; and upon a rupture between the Venetian republic and the duke of Milan, she had the address to negotiate at Venice, the command of the Venetian army, with an appointment of 20,000 ducats per annum during the war for Brunoro. The general's heart, at this striking piece of filial affection in his mistress, was now touched with a lively sense of honor for Bonna, he regretted he had ever took advantage of the assenting and unguarded shepherdess, and, to repair past injuries, and in gratitude for such signal services, married his benefactress. After this event, she placed no bounds either to her conjugal affection, or her love of arms. She accompanied her husband wherever he went: and while the general was engaged upon some other service, she headed a detachment, and took the castle of Pavanou, near Brescia, from the Milanese, by assault.

The Senate of Venice honoured her with distinguished rewards, and placing unlimited confidence in both husband and wife, sent them to the succour of Negropontus, attacked by the Turks. They defended this island so ably, that during the time that they commanded, the Turks desisted from all further attempts on the place. Bonna died on her return to Venice at a small town of Morea, leaving behind her two children, and an immortal reputation.

## The Dessert.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12.

### THE LIMNER.

"Give Wine unto him that is of a heavy heart."

TO soften the cares of life, and smooth the furrows of disappointment;—to banish melancholy from the heart, and acknowledge innocent cheerfulness for its heir, we should call into action, some of our philosophy, much of our reason, and all our patience.

Trouble is never averted, nor dispelled, by sighs, tears, nor lamentations. It grows more obstinate the more it is opposed. Where it is dreaded, it is always a visitor; where it is treated with good humour, it rarely continues long.

Mankind are prone to make the most of every thing—their griefs as well as their joys; by many, the former are cherished with superior enthusiasm. The tear falls readily,—the smile is forced and languid.

This world affords so many opportunities for wretchedness,—is such a flowerless spot, and so reluctantly yields to cultivation, that I consider them as madmen, who pass through it with discontent on their brows, and carefully avoid those thinly-scattered resting-places, which might in part alleviate their sufferings, and supply their wants. It seems as if they were determined upon nothing short of perfect bliss, and had rather be totally miserable, than partially happy. To his set of beings it would be in vain to offer vine though it might be from the grape of ION PEDRO, they prefer the essence of wormwood to the nectar of Languedoc, and potions of gall to pipes of Madeira. For my own art I studiously avoid the bitter and eagerly pursue the agreeable, even to the extreme bounds of moderation. When it eludes my grasp, do not fret at the cheat, but console myself with that very comfortable reflection of POPE's, that,

"Whatever is right."

This always protects me against depression of spirits, and I immediately contrive some other plan to entrap the coy Goddess Pleasure.—I never see her in the disgusting habiliments of dissipation, or survey her with any degree of partiality when robed in the vestments of unlawful LOVE. When thus arrayed, I fly her as a pestilence, and thank the God of Nature that there are purer fountains of felicity.

The conversation of a friend, or the page of sentiment,—sometimes mingled with a moderate expression of the GRAPE, are assuages to all the sorrows I feel, and seldom fail of affording that balm to the soul, which tranquilizes and

invigorates. When the mind is in the least dejected, and the blood paces the veins with languor, what is so proper,—so rational,—so harmless, as the moderate use of WINE. Its effects are apparent and cheering. It communicates gladness to the countenance, and yields a safe and pleasant staff to the drooping soul. The learned sedentary requires it to brighten his faded faculties, and recruit exhausted nature; to the invalid it is a restorative, to the healthy it continues their strength; the AGED require it in an eminent degree; it is to them as oil to the expiring lamp, it renews their vigour, and gives to departing life an animating form. To many young persons it is necessary to dispel occasional glooms, and feeble frames may often be exchanged for robust constitutions, by a judicious application of the "*blood of the Grape*."

I would not upon any account have my readers construe my expressions of partiality to Wine, into a license for inebriating draughts. Excess in this, as in every other gratification, is to be cautiously avoided; else, what was intended for the health, may prove, in fact, the bane of existence. No vice, in my mind, appears with more odious and disgusting colours, than that of INTOXICATION. It makes man a brute, converts reason to folly, makes the lord of creation a vassal to his passions. The Lacedemonians were accustomed to make their slaves drunk, and in this situation exposing them to the view of their children, that the spectacle might create in their minds a detestation for this debasing vice.

It may possibly be urged, that people have sufficient inclination to Wine, without being exhorted to the use of it by *The Limner*. But it must be acknowledged, there are many in society, who, from various causes, are frequently oppressed by "moping melancholy." To these with earnestness I call; for the *periodically miserable* was my advice intended. I can assure them that the readiest way to dissipate care, is to unite with their friends, in the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," over the contents of a bottle of MADEIRA: They may be assured on the veracity of *The Limner*, that three glasses will leave them as rational as it found them, and much more lively. They will possess more of the man, as they will be more agreeable in society; for those who associate not with mankind, or though they should, burthen their company with tales of discontent and tedious repinings, can hardly be called men.

SOLOMON was wise enough to determine whether a moderate use of Wine was productive of good, and he has decidedly pronounced it beneficial. In his dotage, it is true; he said, "all was vanity," but we should rather adopt his opinion when his intellects were vigorous, and his frame unimpaired by accumulated excesses. SOLOMON exclaims, as well as *The Limner*, against intemperate libations to Bacchus and strongly reprobates the conduct of his declared votaries. But occasionally to replenish the cup, and with a well chosen friend, apply it to the lip is certainly to gratify not a disordered inclination,—to please not a vitiated palate;—it is to afford to the constitution not an unnecessary support, and to the spirits not an unwelcome cordial. E.





### THE CHILD OF REPENTANCE.

Engraved on an URN erected to the MEMORY  
of MARY.

TO Mary, poor Mary! this marble is rear'd,  
From its record in tears each beholder shall  
turn.  
Lost to all that she hop'd, and to all that she fear'd.  
The child of repentance no longer shall  
mourn,

Ye parents so cruel, your porch open wide,  
Nor fear silent Mary towards it may bend;  
For Mary is dead, once your boast and your  
pride:

The child of repentance no more can offend

Oh, had you been merciful! had you forgiven!  
But the lot of your poor erring daughter was  
cast;

Now pitying angels have borne her to heaven:  
The child of repentance has sigh'd forth her  
last.

Ah! ruthless betrayer, if here thou shouldst rove,  
The dark cypress shade may inspire thee with  
dread,

They encircle the urn that makes sacred the  
grove,

Where thy victim, the child of repentance  
lies dead.

Ah! look on the TABLET! and dost thou not  
weep?

A story so mournful might sure start a tear;  
Beneath its sad object is shrouded in sleep,  
The child of repentance thy victim, lies here.

Depart, man of perfidy! hence from my shade,  
With the tiger go rave, with the lion go roar;  
For though by thy arts was poor Mary betray'd,  
The child of repentance reproaches no more.

### TO SLEEP.

FIRST round my brows a poppy wreath I'll  
bind,

Gather'd while moisten'd with the falling dew,  
With ivy tendrils round their stems entwined—  
Then to the God of Sleep! my song pursue.

Hail balmy Sleep! thou offspring of the night!  
Alone of thee the muse delights to sing;  
Bend hitherward thy gentle airy flight!  
And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.

Thy sacred influence to my soul impart,  
And on my couch, oh, "partial sleep" descend;

"This thou alone canst soothe my grief-worn  
heart.

Nature's best nurse, and sorrow's gentlest  
friend!"

Spread wide thy arms, and fold me to thy breast  
There I can taste the blessings of repose;  
Then, with my sorrows, shall I sink to rest,  
And calm oblivion mitigate my woes!

### A MODERN SONNET TO A HOT PYE.

By QUIZICUS MUM.

O THOU hot smoking dish! methinks I view,  
My mind's eye piercing through thy bright  
brown crust.

Sweet luscious bits, viands of loveliest hue;  
And I will fancy still, and still will trust  
That I am right. Yet I do pity thee,

Poor Pye! upon my soul I do. Full sore  
I grieve that thou art doom'd to fate  
So many greedy maws. But reckless fate

Will have her way, and thy rich season'd  
store

Must all be pour'd to glut the taste—And see,  
See how the hacking weapons drive amain,  
And with relentless haste, hew thee to bits:

And now the masticating powers assume their  
reign.

O, mercy, Heaven! or I shall lose my wits!

### AN EVENING MEDITATION.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,  
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;  
While reason, undisturb'd asserts her sway,  
And life's deceitful colours fade away;  
To thee All-conscious Presence! I devote,  
This peaceful interval of sober thought:  
Here all my better faculties confine,  
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,  
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd,  
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,  
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;  
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,  
And my best hopes are centred in thy love.  
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?  
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,  
And break those awful precepts I approve!  
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,  
And violate the virtue I adore!  
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care  
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,  
My stubborn will his gentle aid repels'd,  
And check'd the rising goodness of my breast:  
Mad with vain hops, or urg'd by false desires,  
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,  
Should'st thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.  
But, oh, thy softer titles let me claim,  
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.  
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,  
And dissipates the horrors of despair;  
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,  
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,  
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,  
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All-powerful grace, exert thy gentle sway,  
And teach my rebel passions to obey;  
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,  
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart!  
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames  
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?  
O, rather, while thy hopes and fears controul  
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,  
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,

And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!  
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,  
Till the last morn its orient beam disclosed:  
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound  
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,  
Waked from the sleep of death, with joy survey  
The shining splendors of eternal day!

### VIRTUE AN ORNAMENT.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays  
Shine with a milder, finer flame,  
And more attract our love and praise  
Tha Beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye,  
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams,  
And the soft blush of modesty

More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,  
May strike the sight with quick surprise;  
But Truth and Innocence alone

Can still engage the good and wise.

No glittering ornament or show  
Will avert grief or pain in grief or pain:

Only from inward worth can flow  
Delight that ever shall remain.

### ANGER.

LORD SOMERS was naturally of a choleric  
disposition, and the most striking part of his  
character, was the power of controuling his  
passion at the moment when it seemed ready to  
burst forth. Swift, in his "Four last Years  
"of Queen Anne," has in vain endeavoured to  
blacken this amiable part of that great man's  
character, as what the dean mistook for a  
severe censure has proved the greatest panegyric.  
"Lord Somers being sensible how subject he  
"is to violent passions, avoids all incitements  
"to them by teaching those, whom he conversed  
"with, from his own example, to keep within  
"the bounds of decency; and it is indeed true,  
"that no man is more apt to take fire upon the  
"least appearance of provocation; which temper  
"he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence  
"upon himself; so that his breast has been teen  
"to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage in  
"those very moments when his words and the  
"cadence of his voice were in the humblest and  
"softest manner."

### HUMILITY IN COMPANY.

OF all the qualifications for conversation,  
humility, if not, the most brilliant, is the safest,  
the most amiable, and the most feminine. The  
affectation of introducing subjects with which  
others are unacquainted, and of displaying  
talents superior to the rest of the company, is as  
dangerous as it is foolish.

There are many who never can forgive ano-  
ther for being more agreeable and more accom-  
plished than themselves, and who can pardon  
any offence rather than an eclipsing merit.  
The fable of the nightingale should be ever had  
in remembrance, as it conveys a most useful  
lesson replete with valuable instructions. Had  
the silly warbler conquered his vanity, and  
resisted the temptation of viewing a fine voice, he  
might have escaped the talons of the hawk.  
The melody of his singing was the cause of his  
destruction; his merit brought him into danger,  
and his vanity cost him his life.